

**FUNNY BUSINESS**

**By Herzhberger**



"He says the extra attachment is a sneeze bag!"

**THE SPORTING THING**



"I wish you'd keep enamel in the basement!"



"Ah, they'd be too hot!"

**CROSTOWN**

**By Roland Coe**



"Because of the oil shortage I converted to coal. Then I couldn't GET any coal. I'm wondering what I ought to convert to now!"

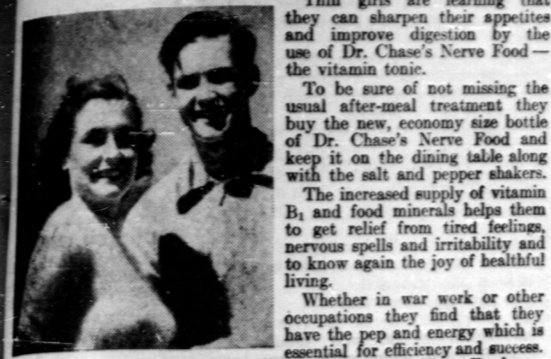
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Thin girls are learning that they can sharpen their appetites and improve digestion by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the vitamin tonic.  
 To be sure of not missing the usual after-meal treatment they buy the new, economy size bottle of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and keep it on the dining table along with the salt and pepper shakers.  
 The increased supply of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and food materials helps them to get relief from tired feelings, nervous spells and irritability and to know again the joy of healthful living.  
 Whether in war work or other occupations they find that they have the pep and energy which is essential for efficiency and success.

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**Easy to roll, delightful — to smoke**  
**Ogden's**  
 FINE CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**Sapphires and Diamonds**  
 by DOROTHY TROWBRIDGE

**Chapter X**  
 In a real alarm Peggy hurried into her room. She found her guest repped up among her pillows reading a motion picture magazine she had brought with her.  
 "I thought you were never coming," Nancy said looking up from her magazine.  
 "Do you remember what I did with my ring this afternoon when I took it off at the station?" Peggy demanded.  
 "Put it in your bag, why?"  
 "Are you sure? Sure I put it in? I didn't drop it, did I?"  
 "No, of course you didn't. I remember seeing you drop it in and see close the bag. Why? Can't you find it?"  
 "No, Peggy cried in dismay. "It isn't there, and I've looked everywhere."  
 "You probably haven't half looked," said Nancy. Throwing back the sheets, she jumped out of bed and stopping only long enough to slip her bare feet into high-heeled mules she hurried into the next room. But after a few minutes' search she had to admit the ring seemed to be nowhere in sight.  
 "I'll call Maxine," Peggy said, slipping across the hall to her sister's room.  
 Just then the telephone in the lower hall rang. All three of the girls stopped and stared at each other in astonishment. They had not realized how quiet everything about the house had been, until they heard that shrill sound. Telephones did not ring often late at night at Rosewood. It rang again. "I'll go," Peggy ran out of the room and swiftly down the stairs. The other two followed her into the upstairs hall.  
 "Hello," she called. "Yes, Who? Miss Truheart? Yes—just a minute. I'll call her."  
 Maxine was already coming down the steps. Peggy handed her the receiver and started up the stairs.  
 "Hello," Maxine answered. "Wait for heaven's sake. Where did you come from? What a detective you are to have found me here!"  
 "Listen! Nancy cried grabbing Peggy's arm. "Did you hear that? It's a detective. Peggy had gone back to her room, her mind still occupied with the loss of Harry's ring. She was only half conscious of what either Maxine or Nancy had said. But Nancy persisted.  
 "Did you hear? It's a detective she's talking to. Do you suppose she'll find the ring? And maybe get him out here?"  
 Peggy stared at her a moment in silence. "I wonder if she could," she cried. She rushed back to the hall, and hurriedly tipped down the stairs again. "Maxine!" she was calling in a loud whisper. "Don't hang up. Ask him if he can't come out here and help us find the ring!"  
 "What?" Maxine asked looking up at her sister in astonishment.  
 "What are you talking about? No, not you," she added into the phone. "My sister. Wait just a minute. What is it, Peggy?"  
 "You called him a detective," Peggy explained. "And I wondered if you couldn't get him to come out here and help us find the ring. I don't know who he is, but there aren't any detectives in Marshville and I certainly need someone. Ask him anyway, won't you?"  
 Maxine stood staring at her a second, then nodded her head. "Run on back upstairs and keep looking and I'll ask him."  
 Peggy's teeth were chattering now from excitement, even though the night was warm. She rushed back up the steps. Nancy was still leaning over the railing, listening.  
 "I think maybe he'll come," Peggy told her. "Come on—I'm cold."  
 "Well, I think it's a perfectly dumb idea to get a detective out here to look for your ring," Nancy said in disgust. "He'll ask a lot of questions. Then what will you say? Your grandmother will have to know all about everything."  
 "Oh, dear," Peggy was almost in tears. "I didn't think about that. But you suggested it," she said, turning to look at Nancy in surprise.

**Buy Victory Bonds**  
**"SALADA" TEA**

doesn't know you have broken the engagement. So she will think you have lost your engagement ring here, and won't question it. Oh, Nancy, please!"  
 "I had told Gran before you came that you were engaged and she sat up suddenly. "We'll tell Gran it's Nancy's ring!"  
 "Mine?" Nancy exclaimed. "Why mine?"  
 "I had told Gran before you came that you were engaged and she

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 Now, with Victory in Europe in sight, Canada's Seventh Victory Loan is our opportunity to prove that we, like them, know how to see a job through.

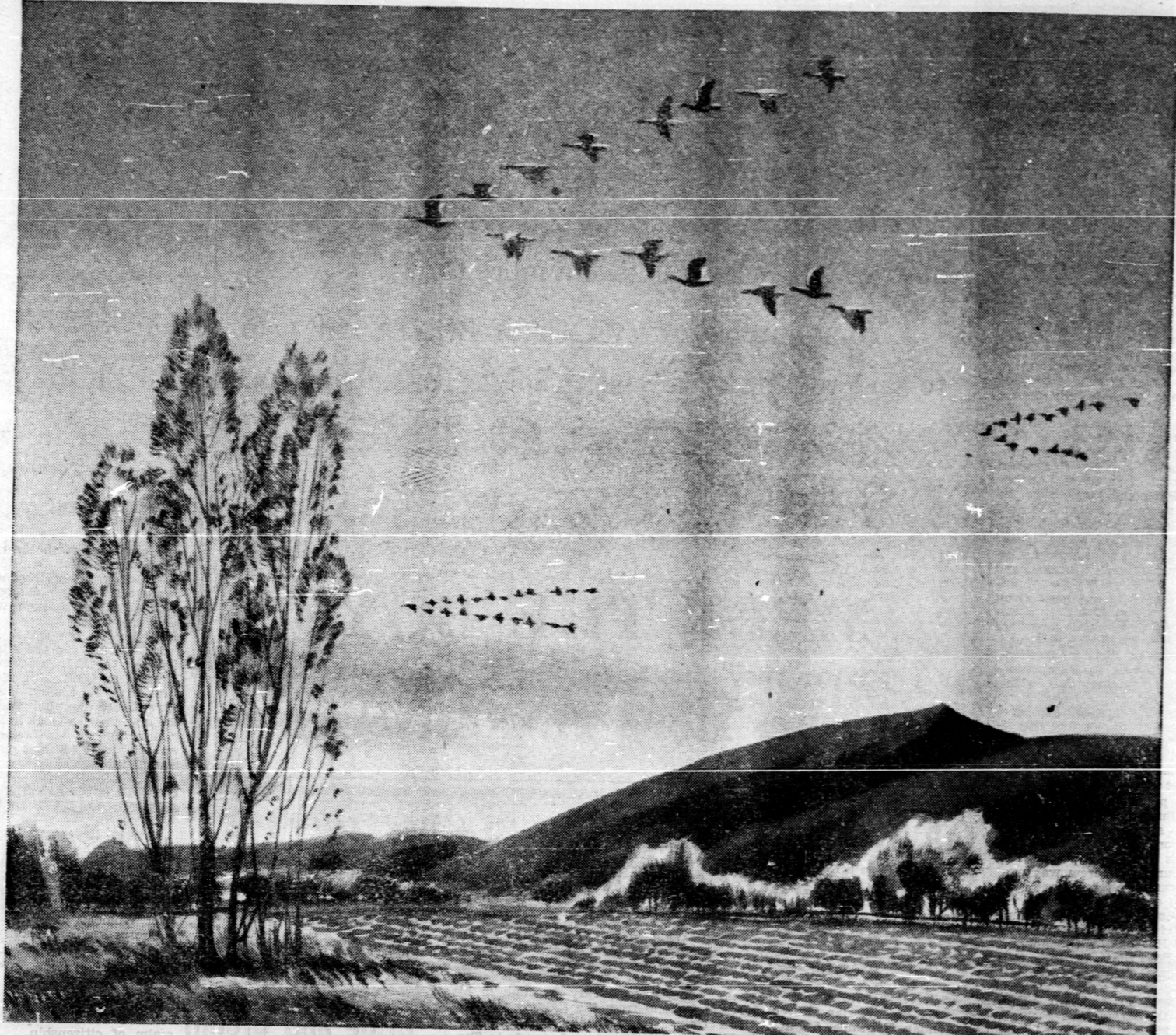
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**WORMS**

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness  
 Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made especially for women to help relieve periodic pain with weak, nervous, tired, irritable feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Pinkham's Compound helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to try! Follow label directions. Worth trying!  
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**Men who think of tomorrow Invest in Victory today!**

ONE day the whistles will blow, sirens shriek and bells will ring. It will be a day of rejoicing and a day of thanksgiving. We will have won our war.  
 Yes, we will win this war. We know that now. But the enemy has not yet surrendered nor has the fighting ceased. Canada's sons must continue to wage war on battlefields the world over. Here at home we, too, must carry on: building the ships and planes, making the guns and shells, producing the food on which our fighting men depend. And we must continue to help pay for all these things through our purchase of Victory Bonds.  
 When V day dawns, when our boys come home, we all want to be able to hold our heads high—be able to say, "I did all I could."  
 Are you buying all the Victory Bonds you can? When we lend our money today we hasten tomorrow's victory.  
 Men who think of tomorrow invest in victory today!

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**His future is in your hands!**



We at home don't have to give our lives, limbs, or health, or even give up our jobs. All we're asked to do is to lend our money for the seventh time. And we'd still do it if it were the seventeenth time; because we know deep down that the future happiness of our children is without price. So, let's go all out again and put this Seventh—and maybe the last!—over the top!

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